

# The Musical World.

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SAMUEL SMITH, Chairman.

**PROFESSOR WILJALBA FRIKELL.—POSITIVELY THE LAST WEEK.** Polygraphic Hall, King William-street, Charing-cross. The season will terminate on Saturday evening, and the Last Afternoon Performance on Saturday, November the 6th, at 3. Every evening at 8. Private boxes, one guinea; box stalls, 5s.; orchestra stalls, 3s.; area, 2s.; amphitheatre, 1s. Places may be secured at the Polygraphic Hall, and at Mr. Mitchell's Royal Library, 33, Old Bond-street.

**M. JULLIEN'S CONCERTS.—ROYAL LYCEUM THEATRE.**—M. JULLIEN'S TWENTIETH and LAST ANNUAL SERIES of CONCERTS will commence on Monday next, and continue for One Month, and will be given as M. Jullien's Farewell and "Concerts d'Adieu." The celebrated Violinist, **WIENIAWSKI** will make his VINS; appearance on Monday, November 1. Admission, One Shilling. Private boxes, stalls, and reserved seats to be secured at Jullien and Co.'s, 214, Regent-street; from Mr. Hammond; and at the Box-office of the Theatre; from Mr. Chatterton, price £2 2s., £1 11s. 6d., £1 1s., and 10s. 6d.; Reserved seats, 2s. 6d. Letters and communications to be addressed to Mous. Jullien, 214, Regent-street.

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| and tenor .. .. .   | 2 0   | ST. LEGER (S. J.) "The old willow tree" .. .. .   | 2 0   |
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## REVIEWS.

"BREAK! BREAK!" Song. Poetry by Tennyson. Music by F. R. Cox, Professor and Associate of the Royal Academy of Music. (R. Mills.)

"THE MOTHER'S BLESSING," a Poem, by Lieutenant Anderson, 12th Bengal N. I. Set to Music by George Russell, and dedicated to Mrs. Enderssohn. (J. Williams.)

Mr. Cox has set the beautiful stanzas of our not over-productive Laureate with feeling and sensibility—so much so, indeed, that we are sorry to find (page 4—"But the tender grace of a day that is dead") two bars almost the identical property of Mendelssohn, and (page 2—line 1—bar 3) a bass which is equivocal, and might be improved in several ways. We do not recommend Mr. Cox to cut out Mendelssohn, but we do recommend him to mend his bass.

Mr. Russell's song ought to be good, but owing to certain inaccuracies, as Herr Molique used to say, it is "not quite beautiful." It is Spohrish, but hardly so correct as the patriarch of Hesse Cassel knows how to make *his* music. The harmony, for example, is defective at page 2, line 1, bars 1, 2 ("little lowly"); same page, line 3, bar 2 ("nothing but that"), where the six-four on B is cruelly abandoned for a chord of the sixth on E; same page, line 4, bar 1 ("left to soothe her pain"), where the progression is unintelligible; and in one or two other places. In the last bar of line 2, page 2, the engraver has omitted a flat to G, in the treble cleff of the accompaniment. The words of Lieutenant Anderson are tender and unaffected, and would alone be a recommendation to the ballad.

"EIGHT HYMN TUNES" (peculiar metre). Composed by John Towers of Manchester. Novello.

These eight tunes (adapted to the same number of hymns in the collection of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge) are not only remarkable for "peculiar metres," but for peculiar harmonies. We have no objection to the metres, but we have a very strong objection to the harmonies. Really, we have seldom encountered such crude and indigestible part-writing. It would take up a whole column of musical type to point out examples; nor would the pains be reasonably bestowed, for it is to be feared that one who writes like Mr. Towers would prove as obstinate as erratic.

EICHLER'S "EMPIRE QUADRILLE"—Second Edition. Blagrove.

THIS spirited set of quadrilles, consisting of figures after the style and manner of divers peoples given to the practice of dancing, was reviewed some time since. The "second edition" affords us no occasion to modify the favourable impression already expressed. On the contrary, it enables us to confirm it. The "Congress of Dancing-masters at Vienna" was evidently assembled to good purpose, and we can see no reason why M. Cellarius, with the conceit peculiar to his nation, should (as we learn from Mr. James Byrn, translator of the figures into English—whatever that process may involve) have taken the pains to "alter" a good thing, omit some of the most genial passages (instance "Die Ungarn" and the "Landler"), and change the title from "Empire Quadrille" to "Le Viennois."

"LA BELLE DE NUIT." Impromptu Mazurka, pour Piano. Par Mathias von Holst. Wessel and Co.

There is no point in this Mazurka sufficiently new to call for remark. It is well written, however, and full of those soft, enervating harmonies, not to speak of enharmonic transitions, in which young and ardent amateurs take

delight. As a mere piece of display for the pianoforte, although destitute of originality, it is assuredly ("assurément," as M. Théophile Gautier would say) effective. We wish all dance music for the "salon" were only half as good.

"LET ME WHISPER IN THINE EAR." Ballad. Written by Jessica Rankin, composed expressly for Mr. Sims Reeves, by M. W. Balfe (Cramer, Beale, and Chappell).

IF Mr. Balfe would consent to substitute E, D sharp for the E which stands so naked and solitary on the words "ear," "head," "bright," and "round," we could at once point to this ballad as one of the most graceful of those *ephemera* which he presents to the world with such profuse and constant liberality. For general purposes the key of B flat will suit better than that of five sharps, in which the song is now published.

MR. ALBERT SMITH AT HONG KONG.—"HONG KONG, Aug. 22.—Here we are all safe and sound, among them at last, surrounded by junks and pigtales, and noble ladies and gentlemen. I have bought the inclosed pictures from a splendid merchant who has come off to the side of the ship on three planks, by the aid of a broomstick. We left Singapore on the 23rd ult. I was immensely delighted with it; it is quite a Chinese place. The shed shops are such rich places, they sell the most wonderful things in them—toys and gods and lanterns, and joss properties and queer crockery. The filth they eat in the eating-houses far surpasses that cooked at that old *trattoria* at Genoa. It consists for the most part of rats, bats, snails, bad eggs, and hideous fish, dried in the most frightful attitudes. Some of the *restaurateurs* carry their cookshops about with them on long poles, with the kitchen at one end and the *salle-à-manger* at the other. These are celebrated for a soup made, I should think, from large caterpillars, boiled in a thin gravy with onions. The barbers also carry their shops about, and they shave, cut beards, and syringe ears right in the middle of the street. A Chinese merchant asked me to dinner. I went, of course, and after dinner we started for the theatre. They played a Chinese opera, with about fifty performers; there were lots of devils in the piece, with tumbling and fighting in every scene. They only had one clarinet and two gongs in the orchestra, but when there was a situation in the piece one fellow knocked two hollow canes together to show the audience they were to applaud. The merchant lives in first-rate style, and has a wonderful garden. All the fruit-trees are very small; there were pines like cabbages, and a quantity of a large creeper called "monkey-cups," because down the stalk there are regular pitchers and tops filled with water, from which Jacko refreshes himself in the woods. There were also among his live stock Cashmere goats, porcupines, kangaroos, Pekin pigs, and Brahmin bulls, and in the jungle across the valley tigers and all sorts of novelties. I slept on shore that night, or rather I went to bed, but I could not sleep, as I missed the noise of the screw and the creaking of the timbers, and the bed was too steady. The last night before we got to Hong Kong we had an 'entertainment' on board, and I was stage-manager. We made a first-rate room of sails and flags, and the whole affair went off capitally. There are no hotels at Hong Kong, but a very nice club, with bed-rooms. I was proposed and elected as soon as I arrived, so that is very jolly. To-day they hold a Chinese *fête* in honour of their dead relations. They keep firing crackers all day in the streets and burn those long pastilles. I don't think they care much about their religion; they go into the temples to get cool, or sit down, or go to sleep. The children are frightened at the gods, they are so hideous; they roar with terror when they are placed in front of them. The people walk about with their hats on, and whistle and smoke, and do what they like; the merchants selling gilt paper and pastilles sit round the sides, and sometimes they beat a gong to attract customers. Nothing that I can write now can give you the least idea of this wonderful place; I see every hour how very faithful Cooke's descriptions were."—(Extract from a private letter.)



## WESTMINSTER PALACE BELLS.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—Though I know nothing of bells, I know something of bell-music—and something of music without bells. Permit me then to say a word or two in reply to Mr. Walesby.

I think him wrong on more grounds than one, and conversely I think the notation fixed on by the bell committee right.

First, in bell chimes we want a sprinkling of *melody*, which the original notation has, that by Mr. Walesby has none at all.

Secondly, the objection made by Mr. Walesby as to the want of repose to the musical ear at the end of each chime, and his proposal to end on the tonic-note, is exactly what is not wanted—no full close in music should be permitted while the subject is still in a state of development. Consequently, the *half close* at the end of each quarter is musically and tintinnabulary correct.

Thirdly, and chief of all the faults in Mr. Walesby's system, is that his notation is devoid of *rhythm*. In the first quarter we have two minims to the bar, in the second we have three, in the fourth, four; in the original notation it is regularly barred off, four crotchets to the bar.

I have said that I know nothing of bells—except when they call me to church. Mr. Walesby may be tintinnabulary correct, but he is certainly musically incorrect.

I am, Sir,

Your most obedient Servant,

A CLERGYMAN.

Oct. 25, 1858.

## THE GEM OF THE CONCERT.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

DR SIR,—

Last Friday Evening a concert took place in Nott.

No. 1. Quartett in D minor for 4 Stringed Instruments, by Mozart. This was played tolerably well.

No. 2. Sonata for piano and Violin. Dedicated to Kreutzer by beethoven.

This was played very well.

The Piano by that occasion was not powerfull enough and not good enough for that kind of music.

3. Trio, by Tesca, this was played very well. 4. Quartett for Piano, Violin, Tenor and Violoncello—by Mendelshon, that is one of Mendelsohns best Compositions. We hope to hear that Quartett again, then we can judge better. Mr. Shelmardine was much admired, & was the Gem of the Evening.

Mr. H. Tanner, presided on the violin in a masterly manner. Mr. Praeger presided on the Tenor, and was much ADORED. Wm. Shelmardine Esq. has been engaged to conduct the forthcoming Sacred Concert Elijah which will take place in Nott. Mr. Shelmardine is just the musician to conduct that class of music.

I am Dr. Sir

Yours Respectfully.

J. C. PRAEGER.

## THE BRUSSELS CONGRESS.

(LETTER FROM LAMARTINE.)

Paris, August 15, 1858.

M. LE PRESIDENT,—Imperious and obvious (*sensibles*) circumstances render it impossible for me to assist at the Congress to which you have been so good as to invite me. I regret this the more keenly from the fact that the office of reporter on the law of literary property in France led me to undertake serious labours upon this question; you will find the results in the *Moniteur*. It belongs to Belgium, intellectual ground *par excellence*, to take the initiative of progress in the more fully carrying out of the constitution of true property. A sophist has said, "property is robbery." You will reply in insinuating the most sacred of properties, that of intelligence. God has done it, and man's duty is to recognise it.

Receive, M. le President, the assurance, etc.,

LAMARTINE.

ALL A MATTER OF TASTE.—A woman will tolerate tobacco-smoke in a man she likes—and even say she likes it; and yet, curiously enough, how she dislikes it in a man she dislikes!—*Punch*.

## ANOTHER OPINION ON "LOHENGRIN" IN VIENNA.

(From the *Niederrheinische Musik-Zeitung*.)

IN the case of new works, which, in accordance with the intention of this author, are meant to effect a reformation, and embody a complete system, to effect which a constant agitation is kept up by an active party, as speedy a production of them as possible, as, indeed, of every other art-production of any value, is not only an act of justice, since an honourable judgment is due to every honourable aspiration, but it is, at the same time, an act of wisdom, because, through the ready production of a work of this description, the deceptive nimbus, which surrounds everything system actually kept from us, disappears of its own accord. In the domain of art, just as in that of religion or politics, persecution assists pretended as well as real error, while the freedom of regular propagation and undisturbed investigation causes everything to appear in its true light.

Following out this principle, we have advocated, when addressing all our musical institutions, the production of new works generally, even when we did not agree with the artistic tendencies of their composers. The principal consideration will always be to act justly towards every vital effort, without making any exception on account of the special form under which that effort may be exhibited. But if this first duty is fulfilled towards the composers of the present day, we must be allowed the greatest freedom in judging their efforts, and we must sternly defend those *healthy principles*, on which every work of art, if it deserves the name, must be unconditionally based.

Regarded in this light, the production of Wagner's *Lohengrin*, at the Imperial Operahouse, Vienna, strikes us as a very significant and satisfactory event, not as being a victory achieved by the so-called "Music of the Future," but as a first guarantee of, at least, a partial change in the system pursued at our Imperial Operahouse, where, it would seem, the repugnance hitherto evinced for everything new and unusual has, at last, given way to a reasonable mode of looking at matters of art.

The divided and partially brilliant success of the first representation of *Lohengrin*, on the 19th August, has been unanimously acknowledged by all the Viennese critics, competent and not competent.

What a welcome opportunity for the organs of the Weimar-Leipzig party to indulge in a "Te Deum laudamus!" Vienna, which has hitherto been branded as heretical, will now probably rise in value, that is to say, in the estimation of the above party, and, by the applause it has bestowed on Wagner, have earned the recognition of its right to possess a "Future!" All assertions to the contrary, adverse criticisms, and objections will wisely be passed over in silence by the organs of Wagner's party; the applause bestowed on certain passages, will be claimed for the whole work, and the success of the whole work will be claimed for the "Opera of the Future."

But we, who, perhaps, look at the matter with somewhat harmless partiality, and, at all events, are better acquainted with things here than our colleagues in Leipzig and Weimar, can only perceive, if not an intentional deception of the public, at least only a gross piece of self-deception. That *Lohengrin* was produced is a proof of the artistic feeling of the new management, a feeling which, we trust, will be extended not to the "Music of the Future" alone, but to every effort of *real talent* of the Present. In the fact of the public having readily come forward to welcome this praiseworthy step, we see a new proof of the susceptibility of the Viennese, and their yearning for fresh and better things. With regard, lastly, to the success of *Lohengrin*, we consider it as the merited recognition of Wagner's talent; recognition which he has achieved not through his system, but in spite of it, recognition, therefore, which is in no wise to be attributed to the new operative system, or to the so-called party of the "Future." We will at once clearly explain ourselves on this point.

Musical Vienna has troubled itself but very little with the factions existing in musical matters, for a considerable period, in the North of Germany. The Viennese public are not conver-

sant with the subjects of dispute, and the warfare carried on in consequence by the various musical papers, and, above all, does not think of them, when streaming into the theatre to hear a new opera. A Viennese is, on the one hand, too uneducated, in many particulars, and, on the other, too reasonable, and possessed of too sound a judgment in musical matters, to look for anything else at the theatre but the *unbiased, undisturbed enjoyment of the work of art he goes to see, and of its representation*. The reader perceives, we by no means wish to depreciate the success of *Lohengrin*, which strikes us as all the more satisfactory and natural, for the very reason that Wagner has to share it only with the artists who represented, and the gentleman who directed his work, while we must decidedly refuse to acknowledge, and, in doing so, we think we truly render the opinion of the Viennese public—that the so-called “Music of the Future;” the ideas which Wagner enunciated with such passionate pathos in his writings; the tendency which Herr Brendel advocates so cleverly in his paper, have achieved, with *Lohengrin*, that triumph, about which the members of Wagner’s party are so enthusiastic. In reply to this, we shall be told: “The public was not, perhaps, quite conscious of what it felt; but the applause bestowed on *Lohengrin* involved the recognition of those principles which Wagner wishes to introduce into opera.” To our mind, however, the direct contrary is the case. Whatever produces a satisfactory and elevating impression in Wagner’s opera is precisely that which is not the *practical realisation of his theories of reform*, or that on which he and his adherents lay the greatest stress in their arguments—but that which, in every opera of the Past or Present, would be considered good and appropriate, dramatically true, and musically beautiful.

Wagner’s talent strikes us as indisputable, but his *system* as by no means so. We invariably perceive the greatest development of his talent in the very instances where he is unfaithful to his own system.

Wagner’s polemical and reformatory writings are distinguished for their clever and soaring, although frequently superabundant and verbose, exposition of the defects and excrescences clinging to modern operas. But, from the very outset, Wagner confounds the *abuse* with the *right employment* of allowable means, and erroneously portrays every abuse as an incurable and fundamental evil, and all that the greatest masters have produced in the shape of operas as a failure. This is a crying act of injustice, which is an evident contradiction to the well-known respect entertained by Wagner, as a musician, for these self-same masters. But his rhetorical mode of exposition always becomes darker, more unintelligible, and more superabundant, whenever he has to set up a picture of the future to guide us, instead of the past, which according to him is languishing in its last death-struggle. His ideal of the true, and only possible opera, is, as far as we can comprehend what he means, either a highly *impracticable step backwards*, to times long since past, or an intended *completion and perfecting* of that which has been done, in the same style, by the masters of the Past and of the Present—of that which, therefore, in *both cases*, according to his principle, has already existed, without the slightest intention of really re-modelling it. If opera is indeed to be only a succession of *recitatives*, without a resting point—a mere musical intoning of the dramatic dialogue, without any specific musical aim and substance—such unhappy eagerness to exaggerate Gluck’s strict theory, and to return to the infancy of opera, can only end in a very deplorable result. If this is the case, Wagner is no *reformer*, but the most violent *reactionary* in the domains of art, who despises the progress made since Rameau and Lully, and, most impracticably, would, instead of *developed dramatic music*, such as we have possessed for eighty years, restore the *recitative*, which, if solely and wholly supreme, would constitute the essence of monotony. Directly the dramatic action and dialogue are regarded as the principal things, as the “aim,” and the music as the “means” only, the latter runs a risk of being justly discarded, as completely useless, nay, as an impracticable adjunct, even interrupting the dialogue, and impeding the action. Music is effective and agreeable only when it appropriates the meaning of the words, and imparts to them a *heightened effect*, possessing, at the same time, *dramatic*

*truth and musical substance*. If this, however, is Wagner’s purpose, if his only intention was to restore to opera *dramatic truth*, in which, from various errors, it is occasionally deficient, then he ought to have said so; then, instead of stepping forward as a reformer, he ought, as a true disciple of honoured and great men, to acknowledge that he, in his way, wished to effect nothing but what Gluck and Mozart, Cimarosa and Paisiello, Méhul and Boieldieu, Cherubini and Spontini, Beethoven and Weber, Spohr and Weigl, Meyerbeer and Lortzing, also tried to effect, and which they succeeded more or less in doing. The above masters have, each in his own way and in proportion to his powers, produced effects that are extraordinarily beautiful and great, precisely in *musically-dramatic characterisation*, and *not*, in order to be characteristically true, by descending to absolute recitative, and banishing the *cantilena*; no, they enjoyed the privilege of *uniting beauty and variety* with truth, of blending melody and dramatic expression, of retaining the form of the aria, the duet, etc., and, at the same time, of being so *true*, that Wagner cannot be more so, although he sacrifices everything, even beauty, to truth. What becomes, then, under these circumstances, and the crushing weight of these facts and examples, of Wagner’s system of the “Opera of the Future.”

(To be continued.)

### JANET.

(SHORT METRE.)

Let Poets sing what maids they will,  
Adorning this great planet,  
There’s none, I’m sure, more worth their praise  
Than active little Janet.

This little maid, of whom I sing  
(And the truth I’m only stating),  
Though ceaselessly upon the move,  
Seems never tired of waiting.

Should any sinner wanting dinner,  
Into “Roberts” chance to pop,  
He’ll say that little Janet  
As a waitress is *first chop*.

Though full of human kindness,  
She’ll soon bring him to his *beer* (bier),  
And though his dinner mayn’t cost much,  
He’ll think her a “little dear.”

She’ll soon resign him to a *steak* (stake),  
And that without remorse;  
Though she’s got the best of tempers  
She can give lots of “*piquant sauce*.”

(QUEER METRE.)

She’s as bright and as sharp as any steel,  
Though an active life she’s led;  
Ever ready to serve with malt or a meal,  
And I’m sure no one’s better bread (bred).

(LONG METRE.)

She’s a good little girl, and no mistake;  
She’ll stand no nonsense from “muff” or “poltroon;”  
For she very well knows how to serve out a *cake*,  
Or to polish a high “*mettled*” spoon.

There are “Mossoos” who think she’d make a good Queen of *Greece*,  
While others with faces quite murky,  
Would much like to take her upon a long lease  
Saying she’d just suit them to rule over *Turkey*.

There are folks who call her a nice little *duck*—  
Some who say she’s got a good *heart*—  
While others who are sadly in great want of pluck,  
Say that when vexed she’s a little too *tart*.

FINIS AND CHORUS.

Our own “little Janet” will however do for a toast,  
Which too highly buttered can’t be;  
And should you e’er want a maiden who’d well rule your *roast*,  
Our “little Janet” would suit to a *T(ea)*.

J. H. N.

## MORE OR LESS OF IT TRUE.

(From the *Signale*.)

MAD. MALIBRAN received for each performance, at Drury Lane, £150.

Mad. Grisi received, for singing at a musical solemnity at York, £400.

Lablache was paid, for singing twice, £150.

Hummel left, at his death, 375,000 francs, and a large number of valuable presents from all the courts of Europe. Among them were 26 diamond rings, of high price, 34 gold snuff-boxes, and 114 costly watches.

Rossini was offered a million (of francs?) in Italy, to sing the part of Figaro himself.

For a single singing lesson given to Queen Victoria, Lablache received 1,000 francs.

At one *soirée* in London, Mad. Grisi earned 60,000 francs.

Mdlle. Taglioni's second benefit at St. Petersburg brought in 204,000 francs. During the performance, the Emperor sent her a bouquet composed of turquoises and diamonds. At Hamburg, this lady received 3,730 francs a night.

Twenty-four performances at Rome produced Rubini 36,000 francs.

Paganini, who, as we know, did not sacrifice on the shrine of sentimentalism in money matters, wrote, one day, to Mr. Loveday, as follows:—

"Sir,—I am obliged to express my surprise at seeing how little you think of discharging your debts to me. Your negligence compels me to refresh your memory. The question involves certain details you ought not to have forgotten. I send you, therefore, my little account, and expect you will pay it soon:—

"For twelve lessons given to your daughter, to teach her how to express music, and to conceive the sense of the notes ... .. 2,400

"For playing eight tunes at your house, and, on various occasions, some pieces of music ... .. 24,000

"Making a total of ... .. 26,400

"I do not add to this account the lessons I have given your daughter at table, at dinner, or in a conversational manner, &c.

"NICOLO PAGANINI."

When Napoleon heard that Mad. Catalani was about quitting Paris, he ordered the great singer to wait on him at the Tuileries. She trembled before the grand *virtuoso* on the cannon. "Where do you want to go?" inquired the Emperor. "To London, sire." "You will stop in Paris. You must do so. I will see that you are well paid. Besides, your talent is better appreciated in Paris. You will have 100,000 francs a-year, and two months' leave of absence. The matter is settled. Adieu, madame." But the matter was not settled, for Mad. Catalani left Paris secretly, and without a passport, and set out for London on board a vessel that was taking back some prisoners of war to exchange. The passage occupied twenty-four hours, and cost her 3,000 francs.

Handel composed his *Rinaldo*, in 1710, in a fortnight. This opera was, for twenty years, a great favourite with the English public, and so run after immediately it was produced, that Walsh, the music-publisher, made 3,750 francs, while the composer received far less. Happening to meet Walsh one evening, at a party, Handel said quietly to him: "My dear Walsh, in order to equalise matters between us, you shall write the next opera, and I will sell it."—FERDINAND SILAS.

## SHORTFELLOW SUMS UP LONGFELLOW,

(From *Punch*.)

MILES STANDISH, old Puritan soldier, courts gal Priscilla by proxy.

Gal likes the proxy the best, so Miles in a rage takes and hooks it:

Folks think he's killed, but he ain't, and comes back, as a friend, to the wedding,

If you call this ink-Standish stuff poetry, *Punch* will soon reel you off Miles.

## THE UNIVERSALITY OF ELECTRICITY.

(From *Punch*.)

OUR daily reading proves that electricity is now fairly taking the circuit of the entire globe. No barrister goes so extensive a circuit, or talks so much with so little noise. The beauty of electricity is, that it talks without being heard, an accomplishment which ladies have not yet acquired.

Amongst the recent marvels of electricity, we have a record two—viz.: pianoforte playing, and tooth-drawing. We need not say that both performances are at times equally shocking. There are occasions when we would sooner have a tooth drawn, we think, than listen to an excruciating extraction of agonising sounds from the piano. So much depends upon the instrument, and the use that is made of it! According to your manipulation, it becomes either an instrument of pleasure, or an instrument of torture. But if it is occasionally horrible to hear one piano (and the horror occurs in every capital, that has any pretensions to be considered a Pianopolis, more than one day), consider what it must be to listen to five pianos *eodem tempore*! Electricity confers this terrible dexterity on every pianoforte practitioner. This quintuple achievement was actually accomplished by a Mr. Léon Humar, at the National Theatre at Brussels. The five pianos were lashed together with electric wires, which were connected with an electric battery in another room, and you had the whole lot of them jingling away at once. No necessity to encore a piece of music at this rate, when you take it in five times over at a single hearing. What a fearful power to vest in any man's hands! If electricity can do it with five pianos, why not with fifty? why not with five hundred? Where is it to stop? If that is all, we do not see what there is to prevent a pianist, who holds this electric accomplishment at his fingers'-ends, from performing in every capital of Europe precisely at the same time. Fancy Liszt going through his pianofortefistic gymnastics on five hundred Broadwoods, and being heard simultaneously, without the interval of scarce a vibration, all over the world! We should not be safe anywhere. He might pursue us into the very centre of the Desert. What exquisite revenge he might take on his detractors! He might maliciously place a piano on each side even of us, put one over our heads, and another under our feet, and by playing upon them, unseen by us, and unknown to us, some 2,000 miles off, send us raving mad in less than half-an-hour! We hope electricity will never lend itself to such base machinations.

We have heard of men riding on five horses; but we do not think that a pianoforte-player should try to emulate a horse-rider by playing upon five pianos all at once. One piano at a time is quite enough, and frequently too much; but bring the electric battery to play upon an allied army of Collards, and we will not answer for the world being strong enough to stand the shock. Further, we have a presentiment that it would be shiver to little bits by sheer force of melody, as we have seen a magnificent barley-sugar temple on a supper-table totter and fall with a crackling crash, into a chaos of golden ruins, by the violence of the stamping music overhead. So it would be with the world! After one five-hundred pianoforte *séance*, there would be nothing left of it but an immense dust-heap, on the top of which men and women would be lying like so many oyster-shells and lobster's claws.

As for the toothdrawing by electricity, we do not jump to it so easily. It is actually done, however, in far less time than you can think as to what you shall have for to-day's dinner? A single tooth, we suppose, is charged at the rate of a single message; a double tooth doubtless counts for two. We wonder if the same shock that pulls out the tooth can convey a message to tell your wife that it is out! and "out (as George Cruikshank's drawing informs us with jumping glee) in less than a minute." The description of this new style of dentition neglects to inform us, whether a new set of teeth can be supplied by the same process.

The anticipated benefit of the one discovery tends greatly to balance the dreaded evil of the other. If pianoforte playing by electricity threatens to increase largely human suffering, at all events dental surgery by the same invisible agency promises to considerably alleviate it. It is all a question of nerves, and in the electric contest between ears and teeth, let us hope the molars will have it.

The question is, what will not electricity do next? We do not despair of the good time coming (and it has been a long time on the road), when we shall be able to sit quietly in our arm-chair and electricity will do everything for us. It will cook our dinner, sew on our buttons, write our letters, make our clothes, whip our children, black our boots, shave our stubbly chins, and even help us to a pinch of snuff, if we only wish it. We almost believe it will in time so far reach mortal perfection as to carry us up to bed, undress us, tuck us up, and



blow out the candle, when we are too tired, or indifferent, to do it ourselves. But there is one thing, we are afraid, that it never will do, and that is, help us to pay our income-tax.

Alas! there is a limit even to electricity!

### CURIOUS MUSICAL QUESTIONS.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

(From the *New York Musical Review*.)

VIRGINIA L.—“What is the meaning of the terms, Iambic, Trochaic, as used in the ‘Hallelujah?’”

Our hymns are all composed in stanzas; most frequently in stanzas of four lines each, though sometimes in stanzas of six or eight lines. Each line of a stanza consists of a certain number of syllables; thus, for example, in long metre there are four lines of eight syllables each; and in common metre the first and third lines have eight syllables each, and the second and fourth lines have six syllables each. The syllables are part of them accented and part unaccented; most frequently there is one accented and one unaccented syllable in connection; but sometimes there are three syllables thus connected, either one accented and two unaccented, or *vice versa*. These groupings of the syllables, as we may call them, are termed poetic feet; and there are, of course, different kinds of poetic feet, according to the number of syllables, and places of the accents. A poetic foot of two syllables, the first being unaccented and the second being accented, is called an Iambus, and poetry thus written is said to be Iambic. The long, common, and short metres are Iambic. If the accent be on the first of the two syllables, the foot is called a Trochee, or Trocha, and poetry thus written is called Trochaic. The sevens and eights and sevens metres are Trochaic. If there be three syllables, the first and second unaccented and the third accented, the foot is called an Anapest, and the poetry is Anapestic. When, in three syllables, the first is accented, and the second and third are unaccented, the foot is called a Dactyl, and the poetry is called Dactylic, or said to be written in Dactylic feet.

Examine the hymns to which the tunes classed under the different heads, Iambic, Trochaic, etc., are adapted, with reference to their rhythmic structure. Take a look also at these words in *Webster's Dictionary*. As a further illustration, we have changed a well-known tune from its usual Iambic measure into an Anapestic form. See the tune, “Quantum Mutatus,” in this number of the *Review*, in the harmony of which we have also made some slight alterations.

E.—“1. What is the difference between A flat and G sharp? I mean, in the sound itself. 2. We know that the interval between the two letters is a step, and if a letter is sharpened, its tone becomes a half-step higher, while a letter that is flattened has its pitch changed a half-step lower. Are they synonymous? 3. Yet a diagram of the finger-board on the violin shows a difference. 4. Please inform me in the next number of the *Review*. 5. Also, what does × signify placed by a note?”

1. The tones named A flat and G sharp differ with respect to relation, but not with respect to pitch. The same string on the pianoforte, and the same pipe in the organ, is used for both; there is a difference of relation but not of pitch.

2. “We know,” says our querist, “that the interval between the two letters is a step.” We suppose he means the letters G and A; though no reference has been made to them, but only to G sharp and A flat. He proceeds and says: “If a letter is sharpened, its tone becomes a half-step higher.” Is this true? Let the Normals answer. We hear the loud *No* from every voice, for they all know that the pitch of a tone, let its name be what it may, cannot be altered. Can A flat change the pitch of a tone? They all answer again, *No*; for the pitch of a tone cannot be changed. But this is a digression intended only to call attention to one of the many inaccuracies heard in musical teachings or descriptions. “Are they synonymous?” Yes; they are the same in pitch.

3. We know that the finger-boards of violins are sometimes so marked as to show a difference; yet on inquiring of some of the most distinguished violinists in the world we have been told that they use the same stop both for G sharp and for A flat. We suppose others do not, but endeavour to carry out the theoretical or mathematical difference in their practice; yet in some cases, as enharmonic changes, no one would do this, but would continue the exact tone under both relations, or when the relation of a tone changes.

### NIGHT AND MORNING AT MALTA.

By JAMES ANTHOW, R.N.,

Author of “*A Glass of Ale and a Sandwich*,” “*Sketches in Sky Blues*,” &c., &c.

It is evening at Malta. In the midshipman's birth of the “Ridiculous” (the worst ship in the navy—supposed, from the badness of its timbers, to have been made out of the heads of the Board of Admiralty) dinner is just over, and dissipation is about to commence. My last glass of claret (though prince of wines!) has gone down with the sun—not in company with that orb, most obtuse of readers, but collaterally. I qualify it with a slight nip of brandy, pale, and such as can be obtained only by those who have a comprehensive tick. Most of us are going on shore to spend the evening; young Glugg indeed is the only exception; he is staying on board to write to his aunt. Poor beast! We had to cob him with a sword-scabard the other day for talking about his mother at mess. But he is the son of a Manchester manufacturer, so what can be expected of him?

Young Hyacinthe and myself (Hyacinthe is the son of the Duke of Convolvolus—descended from the Convolvulus who were marshals of Normandy in the reign of Charles the Bald—wear an *owl chantant*, *gules*, on a field azure, pale, fiché, &c.) hail a shore boat and go off together. We bilk the boatman, partly because the Manchester fellow always pays him, and we have a gentlemanly dislike to “shine with Pye,” and partly because we have no cash. It is, besides, so amusing to hear a Maltese swear! We march along the Strada Cospetto (making eyes at a pretty Sicilian on the way—to see violet eyes in this climate is as refreshing as a glass of curaçoa) until we arrive at the Plaza Corpo di Bacco, where (as everybody but the plebs know) is situated old Gloriana's *café*. At the end of the Plaza you may hear the familiar click of the billiard balls, and the clatter of equally familiar voices. In the upper room all the old fellows are assembled. Tomkins, of the “Ineffable,” is telling an amusing story, and a knot of youths have suspended their play, and listen to him as they stand chalking their cues. It seems he has shot a consul (only a Greek one) in the morning, while carelessly popping about at Becarres. Nobody would have taken much notice of the affair (it could scarcely have been considered an insult to the national flag), but for Tomkins's impertinent defence. He said, it seems, that he mistook the old gentleman for a kangaroo—which animals he was too ignorant not to know (being of a *parvenu* family) do not run wild about the island.

However, everybody was greatly amused at the incident, except myself perhaps. The poor old gentleman had a daughter with violet eyes (probably now weeping) and his hock was first-rate. We all toasted Tomkins in the best lachryma that credit could procure, and then sallied forth; insulted two or three Maltese unprotected females—thrashed a couple of English commercial travellers (who talked of making Cobden bring the matter before Parliament)—and, in short, enjoyed ourselves amazingly. Bam, of the “Unendurable,” who has learned to swear and talk indecency in Maltese, was in particular very useful as the spokesman and interpreter to the party.

But notwithstanding these wild diversions—which are so seductive in tender years and a soft voluptuous climate—I still studied my Plato before going to bed, and dreamed of the soul and its aspirations, and then of somebody who shall be nameless. As I took

(The rest of this MS. is lost.)

SCARBOROUGH.—In the New Music Hall, Spa, at Mr. Yahr's concerts, Miss E. Crossland sang a pleasing selection of songs in good style. She has an agreeable voice. Her efforts were rewarded by repeated applause. Mr. Lambert sung Weiss's “Village Blacksmith” with good effect, and in Schubert's “Wanderer” displayed a great compass of voice. He was encored in Snaith's “My bonnie bark,” a new song that will become popular with bass vocalists. Mr. Murray played a solo on the harp, and Herr Wiener a fantasia on the violin. Mr. Yahr's waltz is a pretty composition. The concert concluded with a popular galop.—*Malton Messenger*, Oct. 16, 1858.

## THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

Under the Management of Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. W. Harrison.

PRODUCTION OF "MARITANA"  
GREAT SUCCESS OF "MARTHA," AND "THE ROSE OF CASTILLE."

On Monday and Thursday, Wallace's *MARITANA*. Don Cesar de Bazan (his original character), Mr. W. Harrison; *Maritana*, Miss Louisa Pyne.—On Tuesday and Friday (11th and 12th times), *THE ROSE OF CASTILLE*.—On Wednesday and Thursday, *MARTHA*.—Conductor, Mr. Alfred Mellon.—To conclude with (each evening) the Ballet *Divertissement LA FLEUR D'AMOUR*. Commence at half-past seven.

## ROYAL PRINCESS'S THEATRE.

Farewell Season of Mr. CHARLES KEAN as Manager.

ON MONDAY, Wednesday, and Friday, *MACBETH*. Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, *KING JOHN*. Preceded every evening by the farce of *AWAY WITH MELANCHOLY*.

ROYAL OLYMPIC THEATRE.—On Saturday evening, October 30, will be presented the comedy of *LADIES BEWARE!* To be followed by the drama of *THE RED VIAL*. To conclude with *OBLIGE BENSON*.

## GREAT NATIONAL STANDARD THEATRE,

SHOREDITCH.—Proprietor, Mr. JOHN DOUGLASS.

Mad. Celeste every evening.—*THE GREEN BUSHES* for three nights, by particular desire. Continued success of *THE FLOWERS OF THE FOREST*. Screams of laughter at the new Ballet-Comique. Mad. Celeste, Mr. Paul Bedford, Miss Eliza Arden (from the Theatre Royal Adelphi), the inimitable Flexmore, and Mdlle. Auriol, forming the most attractive Company in London. On Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, to commence with *THE GREEN BUSHES*. Mlarna, Mad. Celeste; Jack Gong, Mr. Paul Bedford. On Tuesday and Thursday, *THE FLOWERS OF THE FOREST*. Mad. Celeste. A Ballet, Flexmore and Mdlle. Auriol. To conclude with a Comedietta. On Saturday a change of entertainment.

## DEATH.

MADAME GÉNOT, born Elisa Fay, formerly an actress of the Brussels Theatre, and of the Porte-Saint-Martin and the Variétés at Paris, died at the beginning of the present month at Joinville-le-Pont. She belonged to a family of artists. Her grandmother was Mad. Rousselot; the father and mother were both actors, the father, M. Etienne Fay, being also a composer of music; her sister was Madame Volny (Léontine Fay); and her brother, M. Augusta Fay, called Baron, is attached to the Theatre Molière at Brussels. Elisa Fay accompanied her sister Léontine, surnamed "*la petite merveille*," and played with her at Brussels, in October and November, 1820. Married to the actor Génot, she went, as *prima donna*, to give three representations at the Théâtre de la Monnaie, Brussels, in December, 1833. From 1838 to 1840 she was engaged there as the representative of *Jeunes dugazon*.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A. C. S., THORNEY ABBEY.—*The Artist in question did receive frequently the compliment of a shower of bouquets at Her Majesty's Theatre.*

## THE MUSICAL WORLD.

LONDON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 30TH, 1858.

EVER since we can remember affairs connected with the theatre, the "star-system" has evoked unqualified and universal objugation from the critics. Extravagant terms paid to artists and the evils consequent thereon have proved a fruitful theme to those who have taken, or appear to have taken, a deep interest in the advancement of the stage. That one actor should be paid an exorbitant sum—the favourite phrase used to be, "more than the salary of the First Lord of the Treasury"—and another receive what would barely keep body and soul together, seemed a paradox to abstract justice, and was gravely reprehended by the inferior members of the profession, a large and influential class of the community. Had managers followed the immediate advice so generously tendered to them, and repudiated the "star-system" altogether, who would

have benefited? Not the actor who was not engaged; not the manager whose theatre lost a special attraction; not the public who were deprived of beholding a favourite. When the Chartist, in the spirit of universal benevolence, wound up his favourite argument with the clincher, "Is't one man as good as another?" and the Irishman replied in a spirit of benevolence still more universal, "Faix an' that he is, an' a grate dale betther," we fancy Paddy had the best of the argument. At all events he put a stopper on the Chartist's mouth for ever. For ourselves we think there is something to be said in extenuation of the "star-system," if not in its defence. If you want a superior article of dress, or furniture, or ornament, you have to pay a good price for it. An artist regulates his terms by the sum which he thinks he will bring to the theatre—his exact worth. People cried "shame" on Mr. Bunn for giving Malibran the ruinous sum of £125 a-night at Drury Lane for singing; and on Mr. Webster, of the Haymarket Theatre, for paying Macready at the rate of £10 an hour for acting. The answer is irrefutable—both Mr. Bunn and Mr. Webster put money in their pockets. When Mr. Sims Reeves lately was paid £300 per week for singing at the National Standard Theatre, and Mademoiselle Piccolomini received more than £200 for her vocal services at the Crystal Palace for one concert, both sums would appear preposterous did we not consider that the artists brought to the treasuries the money that paid them. If a singer or actor is worth what he brings, and he brings what he is worth, there is an end to all argument about the "star-system."

There is, however, another species of "starring" which is, we think, far more open to condemnation than that pertaining to theatres—we mean "readings," "lectures," and "monological entertainments," in rooms, halls, or chambers. On the stage the public voice has created the artist, and has assigned him his rank and station. By the public breath he has been called into existence—by the public breath he lives and has his being. The "reader," or "lecturer," on the other hand, builds his own stage, erects his own pedestal, sets himself upon it, and makes himself his own idol. He is his own "one bright particular star" that shines in a heaven of his own making. He keeps himself aloof from comparison; he hides his head from competition; he brooks no rivalry; he submits himself to no test; he is his own advocate, judge and jury, and his auditors the cohesive and shrinking public, who feel they are out of the sphere of animadversion, and dare not lift up their voices in hazard of opinion. One man lectures, as it is called, on Shakspeare; another delivers himself of an essay—political—polemical—astronomical—architectural—musical—medical—telegraphical; a third exhibits himself in various disguises and monopolises a whole drama; a fourth reads his own books. The lecturer on Shakspeare is simply a bore, whom we religiously believe nobody would pay to hear or see unless he were some actor of note. The most intolerable of Shakspeare's commentators is the lecturer. He who reads an essay in public is obviously circumscribed in his arena; and, as he limits his operations to Institutions, Polytechnics, and Scientific Societies, must be credited with more charity. The "Entertainer" is a comprehensive term, and includes all who, like Mr. Albert Smith, Miss P. Horton, Mr. Woodin, and Mr. and Mrs. Howard Paul, undertake to amuse the public by their unaided talents. That the "entertainers" above named have all proved, and continue to prove, eminently successful, constitutes no answer to the broad principle we wish to lay down—that he who invites the public to come, hear, and



see himself and nobody else, *à priori* looks more to self-exaltation than the world's benefit. We know what a temptation it is, having three talents, to exhibit them simultaneously. We know, too, that the majority of mankind—

—"wish to see display'd  
By one three talents, for there were no less"—

since—

"The voice, the words, the minstrel's skill at once  
Could hardly be united in a dunce."

But we also know, that beyond mere momentary amusement, mere temporary excitement, there is no result; that the triple barking of the Cerberus of exhibitions, however musical, leaves no lasting impression—involves neither advantage, nor profit.

Against the reader of his own books in a public room we still more strongly protest, and are grieved that the sanction of illustrious names should have been given to such a precedent. Their illustrious names to constitute a powerful precedent. Henceforth every puny satirist, or carolist, of sanguine tendencies, and born with speculation in his soul, allured by the linked reputation and money wrought from their "readings" by renowned novelists, will rush to the platforms in town or country, and invite the populace to hear him howl through his own tale, Christmas piece, or bit of poesy. The world will be menaced with public reciters of their own works. Fortunately the evil carries with it its own cure. The "reader" who has no reputation will have no audience. Of the crowds who flock to a reading by Mr. Charles Dickens or Mr. Thackeray, for one who goes to hear a hundred go to see. None has a chance in this race for popularity who has not previously rendered himself famous. This constitutes the best public safeguard against the prevalence of a class of entertainments of the slightest recommendation and benefit. It would be deplorable indeed were the giants of our literature, through any necessity, much more through want, or love of money, compelled to abjure all writing, and, in place thereof, to exhibit themselves periodically in public to gratify prurient curiosity or a false taste. While acknowledging the almost unparalleled success invariably attending the "readings" of the popular gentlemen just named, let us, in a spirit of love for all that is good and great, be allowed to entertain a hope that both Mr. Thackeray and Mr. Charles Dickens may be driven back from the glare and flurry of the lecture-room to the solitude of their closets, convinced that there and there alone can be fulfilled the high mission entrusted to them.

M. JULLIEN commences the twentieth season of his annual concerts on Monday evening at the Lyceum Theatre. The change of locality is attributable to various causes, none of which need be stated in this place. It is, however, to be lamented that a large theatre was not available, more especially as the concerts are on the same scale of magnitude as when they were given at Covent Garden and Her Majesty's Theatre, and the band is no less powerful. Nor has M. Jullien altered the prices of admission in any way, so as to compensate for the inferior size of the house. If, nevertheless, the Lyceum be crowded nightly, M. Jullien, notwithstanding the expenses of principals, band and chorus, with the new decorations and fittings, will have no cause to complain; and of the result we do not entertain a doubt.

The London public will learn with regret that the present

series will constitute the "Farewell Concerts," or "*Concerts d'Adieu*" of M. Jullien, previous to his departure on his "Universal Musical Tour" through the capitals and cities of Europe, America, Australia, the Colonies, and the civilised towns of Asia and Africa. This grand *tournee* of course cannot be accomplished under several years, even with so energetic, enterprising, and untiring a director to carry it out; and, consequently, the London public will have to lament for so long a period the loss of their most delightful and admirable winter entertainments. That M. Jullien's place cannot be filled up, we think, will be admitted. Not merely the enterprise which sees no obstacles, the energy which never fails, the faith never broken, the little show for self-aggrandisement and the directness of purpose always on the side of right, have tended to achieve for M. Jullien his great popularity—although these would have made any public man popular; his undoubted talents and skill as a musician and orchestral conductor have equally tended to place him in his high position. What M. Jullien has effected in the way of conciliating public appreciation for the most intellectual of all amusements, in making more universally known the works of the great masters and by frequent performances creating an abiding love for them, and how he has converted what used to be a pastime and relaxation into an entertainment fraught with meaning and instruction, are now matters of history. The good that M. Jullien has done in this way cannot be overlooked. Moreover, he has kept for twenty years, almost continually employed, a large force of instrumentalists; and to his exertions, in a great measure, is due the strength and efficiency of our present orchestral bands, many of our most famous wind and string performers having been discovered and imported by M. Jullien.

When all is considered, we have no doubt that the "Farewell Concerts" will constitute a series of *fêtes*, the success of which will plead powerfully to M. Jullien for a speedy return from his universal tour, if not, perhaps, tempt him to forego his determination of withdrawing himself for so unendurable a period from so many constant friends and true admirers.

THERE is a certain periodical of great interest to the student of modern literature, of which, however, students never speak,—resembling in this particular the ancient Egyptians, who, while enjoying the blessings of the Nile never revealed its source. Possibly the ancient Egyptians did not reveal the source of the Nile because they did not know it themselves. Possibly, also, the students of modern literature never speak of the periodical, to which we refer, because they never heard of it. The name of the latter, at all events, is *Bent's Monthly Literary Advertiser*, and its purpose is to register new and forthcoming books and engravings. Who Bent may be, we do not know, for the periodical is printed by Woodfall and published by Tucker. He may be a living personage, or he may be St. Bent, patron of the booksellers, as St. Crispin of the shoemakers. There is a legend, however, that describes him as an actual specimen of humanity, so remarkable for the elegance of his costume, as to elicit from a waggish publisher the facetious observation, that although the bow should not always be bent, Bent was always a *beau*.

Following the *bent* of our inclination, that is to say, turning over the leaves of the periodical in question, we came to the following paragraph, placed under the head of

"Miscellaneous announcements of forthcoming works by various publishers :"—

"Thirty-Five Years of a Dramatic [Author's Life, by Edw. Fitzball, Esq., author of 'The Siege of Rochelle,' &c.—Zeal in the Work of the Ministry; or, the Means by which every Priest may render his Ministry honourable and fruitful, by M. L'Abbé Dubois.' Newby.

The latter of the two works, with which Mr. Newby intends to edify mankind, we leave to the care of our esteemed contemporary, *The Tablet*, but to the former we call the especial attention of our readers.

Thirty-five years of Edward Fitzball's life! Why, this will be almost a complete history of the melodramatic stage of London, written by a man, who was the leading dramatist of his class, when that class was in its lustihood. His productions may look somewhat crude and disjointed, if revived now, but they were epoch-making works in their day, and those who crack jokes about his blue and red fire will do well to bear in mind that it was not speedily extinguished. The life of the man who writes an epic poem, should be itself an epic, says somebody; and we may add that the historian of melodrama should be himself a melodramatist.

What floods of information respecting transpontine brigands and ghosts are about to burst upon us,—what revelations about Easter pieces at Drury Lane and Covent Garden are about to be made! Mr. Fitzball's ghosts did not come from Paris, but were racy of the British soil; his Easter pieces were not burlesques, but were works composed in a faithful, earnest spirit. If Mr. Fitzball does not effect as much for the history of English melodrama, as was effected by Thucydides for that of the Peloponnesian War, we shall be grievously disappointed. The advantages derived from a personal observation of events are common to the ancient Athenian and the modern Briton.

But don't let Mr. Edward Fitzball describe himself in his title-page, as the author of the *Siege of Rochelle*. The libretto of that opera lives through its connection with Mr. Balfe's music, but it is no type of the independent, self-supporting Fitzball drama. Raise the *Siege*, Edward Fitzball, and put up the *Flying Dutchman*.

MISS AMY SEDGWICK.—We understand Miss Amy Sedgwick, of the Haymarket Theatre, was married on Tuesday last, to W. Parkes, Esq., M.D.

MR. AND MRS. CHARLES MATHEWS.—Such has been the prosperity of the Haymarket Theatre, since the return of Mr. Charles Mathews from America, that the receipts of the first six nights amounted to upwards of £1,200.

THE VOCAL ASSOCIATION.—This Association is preparing to resume operations for the forthcoming season. The annual meeting is to take place on the 2nd proximo, immediately after which the weekly rehearsals will commence. Great care will be taken by Mr. Benedict in securing the efficiency of the choir. None of the old members will be allowed to renew their subscriptions unless they promise to attend punctually at rehearsals, and no new members will be admitted unless they give a similar promise, and pass a strict examination, both with respect to quality of voice and knowledge of music. The concerts, six in number, will take place in St. James's Hall, and it is in contemplation to give, in addition, a series of six "undress" concerts. After the purchase of music, and the payment of all expenses up to the present time, the Association has still a balance left on the favourable side of the banker's account.—(Communicated.)

NEW FINE-ART SOCIETY.—We are glad to be enabled to announce the formation, under high and influential auspices, of a "Society for the Encouragement of the Fine Arts." The programme will, we believe, be issued in the course of a few days; meantime we may say a few words concerning the objects of the

society, which include the following—to create a true sympathy between artists and those to whom they minister, and to elevate the aspirations of both in the mutual relations so established—towards this end to attempt the diffusion of sound principles of art and criticism amongst the public by means of lectures, discussions, and classes for study, illustrated by important examples selected from the works of eminent masters of all schools—to award annually prizes, medals of honour, and other testimonials to the producers of works in painting, sculpture, architecture, music and poetry, such works having been produced in public within the twelvemonth preceding the distribution; conversations to be held monthly during the session, to which ladies will be admitted; two exhibitions of paintings, sculpture, &c., in each year—one of ancient, the other of modern art—to be open free to the public on certain days of the week, and certain days on payment; a permanent exhibition of engravings, and a library of reference illustrative of the arts of design of all ages; the establishment of provincial councils, with honorary secretaries, under whose auspices will occasionally be held meetings and exhibitions, with distribution of prizes, in their respective localities. We wish success to this project, which will usefully occupy new ground.

DR. MARK AND HIS LITTLE MEN BEFORE THE QUEEN.—"On its arrival at Doncaster," writes a punctual contemporary, *apropos* of Her Majesty's return from Balmoral, "the bells of the new parish-church rang a merry peal, and as the train stopped in the centre of the platform, the royal saloon being exactly opposite the mayor, town council, and borough magistrates, the 'Little Men' of Dr. Mark played the National Anthem with great precision, and they occupied a good share of Her Majesty's attention. Mr. Denison, M.P., the chairman of the company, who was in the train, presented the royal family with the morning papers, and two copies of the *Doncaster Gazette*, containing a full description of the new parish-church, and the report of the opening services, as also at the railway church of St. James, were presented, and Her Majesty was pleased to accept the same. Dr. Mark, through Colonel Phipps, presented Her Majesty with a beautifully printed prospectus of his new College of Music at Manchester."

LEICESTER POPULAR CONCERTS.—(From a Correspondent).—The first concert of the series came off on Monday evening last at the New Music Hall, under the direction of Mr. Henry Nicholson. The programme was well selected, and gave great satisfaction to a large audience. Miss Julia Bleaden sang "The good-bye at the door," and Loder's ballad, "Terry Malone," the latter receiving an encore. Mr. Sansome, a local tenor, who possesses a good voice, and sings in an agreeable manner, was much applauded in the songs, "Phoebe, dearest," and "Oft in the stilly night." Mr. Alfred Nicholson delighted the audience by his performance of an oboe solo, composed expressly for him by Mr. Emanuel Aguilar, and extremely well suited to the character of the instrument. Solos for cornet-à-piston and violoncello were very well played by Mr. Smith, and Mr. Selby, of Nottingham, the latter gentleman being encored. Instrumental selections from *Lucrezia Borgia*, the *Trovatore*, *Italiana in Algeri*, &c., completed the evening's entertainment. The subscription for these concerts is this season much larger than before, thus rendering the success of the undertaking assured in advance.

RE-OPENING OF THE PARISH CHURCH OF MIDDLEWICK, CHESHIRE.—(From a Correspondent).—This ancient and beautiful edifice has been completely renovated and restored to its pristine beauty by the munificence of the resident gentry of this part of Cheshire, at an expense of upwards of £400, and is now an ornament to the county. There have been two handsome painted windows, and other substantial church decorations placed in the church; also an organ, of German construction and every modern improvement, built by Mr. J. Jackson, organ builder, of Chester. The instrument does the builder very great credit indeed. After sermons by the Rev. Canon Stowell, of Manchester, and the Rev. Archdeacon Wood, on Sunday last, the collections realised about £90 for the organ fund. Mr. Twiss, of Hartford, presided at the organ, and conducted the musical services of the day to the entire satisfaction of a large congregation assembled to witness the re-opening of their church.

**HALIFAX GLEE AND MADRIGAL SOCIETY.**—(From a Correspondent).—This newly-established and rapidly rising society gave its second concert in the Odd Fellows' Hall on Monday evening. The attendance was very large, the place being crammed from floor to roof. The concert was opened in a very spirited manner by the choir singing Novello's arrangement of "Rule Britannia;" after which came Smart's Part-song, "Ave Maria"—the first piece bringing out all the tone and force that sixty voices were capable of producing, whilst the latter contrasted with it beautifully in softness of tone. Space would not admit of noticing all the pieces, but in addition to the two named, the following were executed:—

## PART SONGS.

|                               |             |
|-------------------------------|-------------|
| "Ah, could I with fancy" ...  | ... Hatton. |
| "Where is the sunny land" ... | ... Thomas. |
| "I love my love" ...          | ... Allen.  |
| "Dawn of day" ...             | ... Reay.   |

## CHORUS GLEES.

|                               |                |
|-------------------------------|----------------|
| "Come bounteous May" ...      | ... Spofforth. |
| "Awake Æolian Lyre" ...       | ... Danby.     |
| "When winds breathe soft" ... | ... Webbe.     |

## MADRIGAL.

|                                     |             |
|-------------------------------------|-------------|
| "Flora gave me fairest flowers" ... | ... Wilbye. |
|-------------------------------------|-------------|

Since the formation of the society the rehearsals have been guided by Mr. R. S. Burton, organist of the parish-church, Leeds, and chorus-master at the late Festival, and the instructions given by that gentleman have been the means of producing a degree of finish and effect in the performances which would, we doubt not, compare with any other society of equal numbers. The unbounded applause given on Monday evening proved how much the music was appreciated, and five pieces were encored. Lest the singing of chorus glees, part-songs, &c., should become monotonous to the audience, the committee had engaged Herr Grosse (clarinet), Signor Rossi (bassoon), of the Manchester and Liverpool Philharmonic Concerts, each of whom played a solo and a duetto, which had been arranged by Signor Rossi, specially for this concert, on airs from *Norma*. Beethoven's Quintet in E flat was also given, Mr. Wormack (oboe), and Mr. Oddy (horn), of Leeds, making up the five. The piano-forte part was admirably played by Mr. Burton. The society is receiving ample support from the inhabitants of the town, and the subscribers are looking forward to another treat in the course of the winter.

**LEEDS.**—(From our Correspondent).—Since the highly successful festival given in this town at the commencement of last month, musical matters have lain dead, until last week, when an attempt to get up an inferior festival to benefit the funds of the Dispensary was made by the Town Council. As might have been expected, the concerts have signally failed, and we cannot conceive how any set of gentlemen could for a moment believe that, after the town had been feasted with the highest-class music, performed by the finest talent in England, anything short of really good concerts would answer. There was only one announced vocalist who was likely, by reputation, to attract an audience—that was Miss Vinning. All the others were local; and, although some of them are very fair singers, and deserve encouragement, they cannot yet draw many auditors by the mere announcement of their names. In fact, to show how injudicious the arrangements for these concerts were, I may state that only two male vocalists were engaged for the three concerts—the tenor (Mr. Inkersall) being a third-rate vocalist, and the bass (Mr. Hinchcliffe) being so coarse and unrefined in his singing as to prevent many persons from purchasing tickets for the concerts, notwithstanding their wish to hear Miss Vinning, and benefit the Dispensary. Haydn's *Creation* was given on Thursday evening, the principal parts being sustained by Miss Vinning, Miss Whitham, Mr. Inkersall, and Mr. Hinchcliffe. Mr. Spark presided at the organ, and Mr. Burton conducted. The principal soprano solos were given in excellent style; so were the choruses; but the band was not equal to the task, albeit there were a few good players engaged—including Mr. Nicholson (the flautist), Herr Grosse, Mr. Bowling, and Mr. Pew. On Friday evening there were engaged

for a miscellaneous concert, Miss Whitham, Miss Freeman, Miss Newbound, the two gentlemen before named, a chorus of about 170 voices, and Mr. Spark, organist. The only thing in the programme calling for special remark were the organ solos, and great anxiety had been felt to hear the grand instrument in its more finished state. The organ is far from being even yet completed, and the main cause of this, I hear, is owing to the many hindrances the builders have had to contend with, arising from the occupation of the Hall by various parties. One thing is quite certain—that unless a speedy alteration be made in the Leeds Town Hall orchestra, in order that the temperature inside the organ at night (when the room is occupied) may be considerably reduced, the instrument will not only be injured, but it will be impossible to listen to it with pleasure—so horribly out of tune does it become from the heated atmosphere. As to the admirable quality of the organ, there does not exist two opinions in the minds of those capable of judging; but in making this remark, I am reminded strongly of an article which appeared in the *Musical World* a few weeks since on the absurdities of provincial criticism generally. Even the most ordinary musical person could not have failed to discover that the *only* cause of the disagreeable tone of the organ on Friday last was that the reeds and mixtures were sadly too sharp, arising from the circumstance above stated. Yet the *Leeds Intelligencer*—a paper of sufficient respectability to have known better—gives the following dark hints as to the organ:—"The instrument is still incomplete; but as the builders' work has been progressing since the Festival, a good deal of anxiety has been felt to hear it again, without the accompaniment of other instruments or voices, in its more advanced stage; for great expectations await the result of the very liberal vote of money by the Town Council to secure the possession of an organ of the grandest and finest character; and the future success of the cheap concerts, for which the instrument is hoped to be more especially useful, must mainly depend on the favourable impressions it may be capable of producing and sustaining by the richness and variety of its stops and combinations. We will not, with our present imperfect knowledge of what the instrument may be capable of, attempt to influence public opinion, which will, no doubt, find its own conclusion in due time." No doubt! At the third concert, on Saturday night, the attendance was very poor, and I learn that the receipts are not sufficient to cover the expenses of the concerts. The deficiency will be made up from the Borough Funds.

**THE DAME AUX CAMELIAS.**—The approaching production of a new play in Paris, by Dumas, jun., has caused the following statistics to circulate, which are not a little curious, as exhibiting the pay of a French dramatic writer:—By the *Dame aux Camelias* alone he has gained upwards of 300,000 francs; and about half that sum by the *Demi Monde*. Whenever either of them is played in Paris, from £8 to £10 is the author's share of the night's receipts. Before the production of the *Dame aux Camelias*, M. Dumas was but little known, and he did not seem likely to increase his reputation by this dramatic work. The manager of the Vaudeville did not like the piece, and would not spend a farthing upon it in the way of decoration: he predicted, as a certainty, that it would fail, and altogether treated the author in much the same discouraging manner as poor Goldsmith was treated by Colman while *She Stoops to Conquer* was yet an unacted comedy. Young Dumas had so little hope of success that, on the morning of the first general rehearsal, he offered to sell his entire future interest in the *Dame aux Camelias* for 6,000 fr. (£240). The offer was accepted by the person to whom it had been made. But the bargain was to be settled by ready cash. The purchaser had not enough money in his pocket to close at once. He went out and obtained it; but when he returned M. Dumas thought better of the matter, and refused the sum. He had taken heart, and was resolved to wait and see what fortune had in store for him. The result is well known. The pecuniary success of the piece was almost without precedent; and in a few months its author was raised to comparative affluence. We may well imagine that he frequently congratulates himself on his lucky escape from a bad bargain.



PARIS.—On the 4th October, a young lady, who but recently left the Conservatory, where she was a pupil of M. Guillian, and who has substituted for her own name, Guillot, that of Audibert, made her first appearance at the Opéra in *Il Trovatore*, as Azucena, the part usually filled by Mad. Borghi-Mamo. It may be said that she exhibited intelligence and talent. Her voice may be classed among the mezzo-sopranos, a class by no means suited for Verdi's fierce gipsy-woman. Her voice is rather deficient in fulness in the lower notes, but the middle ones are better and more vibrating. She produced a deep impression in certain passages. She possesses, moreover, fire, and gave promise of considerable histrionic talent. Mad. Lauters-Gueymard is still the same magnificent Léonore. What a fine voice! What fulness, and, above all, what correctness. It has not its equal at the Opéra. On Friday, M. Gueymard made his re-appearance in *Robert*. It was very lucky for the public that Meyerbeer did not think proper to take advantage of the opportunity, and introduced into the piece a sixth act, which he was reported to have composed, and of which marvellous accounts have been circulated beforehand. Had Meyerbeer done so, a night-cap would have been an indispensably necessary article. But the additional act must first exist, for, as yet, it is but one of the thousand canards invented to excite public curiosity. M. Gueymard was welcomed back with pleasure. The audience were especially desirous of once more hearing his brilliant and sonorous voice, as a slight change for Roger, who so frequently gives signs of exertion and fatigue, and needs a short period of repose. Since Monday, *Robert* has become four times centenarian. This is a very rare age at any theatre, and especially at the Opéra, where the performances are necessarily separated by greater intervals than any where else. Mad. Hillen, who has just been engaged as *chanteuse légère*, has been playing successfully, for several years, at Brussels, Ghent, Lille, and Nantes.

The effect produced by Madame Cabel in *La Partie du Diable* is one of the great elements of the success attending this revival.

At the Italiens, *La Traviata* has been succeeded by *Rigoletto*. Verdi and his admirers will not complain. On the present occasion, we have not got Madame Penco, but a fair artist possessing neither that lady's physical beauty nor enchanting voice. Madlle. de Ruda, who is said to be a Hungarian, is a young person, rather tall and slim, who has not long embraced a lyrical career. She has, however, sung at a few important theatres, and, among others, at Milan and Turin, where she achieved a very satisfactory amount of success. But in Paris, and especially at a theatre where so many illustrious artists have shone, it is not sufficient to display great promise; it is necessary to possess, also, great power and talent of the first order, to captivate the public. Now, although Madlle. de Ruda may possess brilliant qualities, which may procure her sincere admirers, she has also several imperfections, which prevent her from being classed among really first-rate artists.

At the Théâtre-Lyrique, while *Le Nozze di Figaro* produces the most splendid receipts, the off-nights always command good houses with *Preciosa*, the *Médecin*, and *Broskovano*. The management is carefully preparing Mozart's *Don Juan*; *Les Chevrans de Jeanne*, the virgin score of M. Bellini, the nephew of the composer of *Norma*; *La Fée Carabosse*, by M. Massé, and *Faust*, by M. Gounod. It has also revived *Oberon* and *Der Freischütz*, and there is some talk of submitting Mendelssohn's *Midsummer Night's Dream* to the judgment of the Parisian dilettanti. Mozart's *Don Juan* promises to prove very attractive, as there is a report that M. Carvalho has determined on playing the part of Leporello. After all, this gentleman has, for some time past, enjoyed such success as manager, that he may well rely on his lucky star, and succeed even in a part where he will have to contend against the remembrance of the illustrious Lablache. The revival of *Oberon* was received with unanimous applause. Many pieces were encored; among them were the overture and couplets—"Tra, la, la," so deliciously sung by Madlle. Girard. How, indeed, was it possible for the audience not to applaud so admirable a *chef-d'œuvre*, such fresh and poetical music, overflowing with melody? O, young authors, meditate over this score, and see what grand and beautiful effects may be produced by inspiration and science

united. A new tenor, of the name of Guardi, is to make his *début* in M. Gounod's *Faust*. M. Carvalho is taking the greatest care of this gentleman. If it were possible, he would shut him up in a case till the day of his first performance. It is impossible to describe the precautions with which M. Guardi is surrounded. Whenever he visits the theatre or the green-room, it is always in the most mysterious manner. Whenever he sings no one is allowed to stop and hear him, and the other artists are turned out. It is well known that M. Carvalho is not wrong to take such care of this sucking Tamberlik, who possesses a very fine voice, and if his acting is only on a par with his singing, M. Carvalho will not have had his trouble for nothing.

## BEETHOVEN.

(From *Die Grenzboten*.)

As early as the year 1815, during the Vienna Congress, we made the acquaintance of Beethoven. At that time the private counsellor of the King of Prussia, Mr. Duncker, lived in our house. Mr. Duncker was very fond of music, and a great admirer of Beethoven. He had written a tragedy, *Leonore Prokaska*, for which Beethoven composed a few pieces—a short but most beautiful hunting chorus, a romance, and some music with an accompaniment for the harmonica, in the style of the melodrama. Besides these, the poet got Beethoven to score for him his grand Funeral March from his Pianoforte Sonata, Op. 26. Sister and I asked Mr. Duncker why he had not begged for a new march; but he thought a better one could not be composed. All the pieces, with exception of the Funeral March, are still in our possession. We had even the permission to publish them with the name of "Friedrich Duncker," but it never came to that. The splendid march, I believe, has been performed once a year in a private musical circle in Berlin. The tragedy has never been performed. Duncker had a great many consultations with Beethoven about it. Beethoven was not satisfied with the words to the Hunting Chorus; and even after they were altered, and altered again, he wanted the accent upon the first syllable.

When Beethoven was appointed guardian of his brother's son, a new life seemed to come upon him. He was extremely fond of the boy, then about nine years old, and it seemed almost that the latter had the key to his humour to compose or to be silent. It was in 1815, when he brought his beloved Charles to our school, which my father had conducted since the year 1798. Already at that time, it was necessary to be quite close to him in order to be understood by him. From this time we saw him very often; and later, when my father removed the school to the suburb, Sandstrass Glacis, he also took lodgings in our neighbourhood; and the next following winter he was almost every night in our family circle. However, we could seldom profit by his presence, for very often he was vexed with the affairs of his guardianship, or he was unwell. Then he would sit the whole evening at our family-table, apparently lost in thought, occasionally smiling, and throwing a word in, at the same time spitting constantly in his pocket-handkerchief, and looking at it, I could not help thinking, sometimes, that he feared to find traces of blood.

One night, when he brought us his song, "To the beloved far off," words by Jeiteles, and father wanted me to accompany my sister, I got rid of it with the fright; for Beethoven told me to get up, and accompanied himself. I must say here, that, to our great surprise, he often struck wrong notes; but then again, when my sister asked whether she was right or not, he said, "It was good, but here," putting his finger upon a note where the sign of a tie was placed, "you must draw over." He had missed that.

At another time, I remember, that he played with us like a child; and that he took refuge from our attacks, behind the chairs, etc.

I very often wonder that Beethoven cared so much for the opinions of people; and once exclaimed, with regard to his nephew: "What will people say! they will consider me a tyrant!" But this nobody could have believed, who had ever seen him for once with his dear boy, who was frequently

allowed to clamber over him, and pull him almost from his chair.

At one time, in spring, he brought us violets, saying: "I bring you Spring." He had been unwell for some time; he suffered a good deal from colic, and said: "That will be once my end!" When I told him that we could put it off for a long time, he answered: "He is a poor fellow who does not know how to die; I have known it since a boy of fifteen years. It is true, for my art I have as yet done but little." "Oh! as for that, you can die with ease," I said; upon which he murmured, "There are quite different things floating before me." At the same time, he brought us a beautiful composition, "To Hope," from Tiedge's *Urania*, whom he always called Tiedsche, and not in fun, either. Beethoven got easily vexed, and this is the reason why his friends often thought he had something against them, even when it was not the case. But he was in his manners so different, and seemed sometimes so unfriendly and cold, that one was obliged to think so, and to keep away from him. It frequently happened that he did not trust his best friends, and really grieved them. Sometimes he complained also about his pecuniary matters, which was his hobby.

#### AMERICAN VIEW OF RONCONI.

OF Ronconi we have yet to speak; for a first hearing—under the circumstances of his *début* at the Academy—did not permit us to do him full justice. We have called him "the Kean of the lyric stage." This he undoubtedly is, and it is by no means a far-fetched compliment to call him so. In stature, manner, and occasionally in voice, he greatly resembles him. The exclamation of mingled joy and rage, which he introduces into the melody of the composer on the entrance of Chalais, in the last act, is a wonderfully powerful bit of Kean-like passion. Its effect is literally electrical upon the audience. When we first heard it, it was so unexpected and startlingly real, that we almost forgot it was a mere piece of acting, and shrunk together as though we had heard an actual ejaculation breathed from the heart of a man who suffers, and who the first time looks on his revenge.

He differs from Edmund Kean most in the eye, which, from being gray, cannot make the wonderful expressiveness of his features so visible to the audience. In addition to this, being an operatic artist, he acts in a much larger theatre, where, necessarily, a great deal of his splendidly minute and careful bye-play is unavoidably lost to the generality of the audience. As a study, we recommend him to the greater portion of our tragedians—in fact, to every one of them whose style has not been absolutely formed and shaped upon their own individuality. Even to these it might be useful to see him.

His voice had last night less evidence of suffering from his recent illness. It displayed most singularly the purely histrionic manner in which he accents the music. Thus, his

"Che? Maria—dessa! e Ricardo!"

rendered the expression with, at least, a five-fold vigour to that which was intended by the composer. The same remarks will apply to the line—

"E troppa la gioia—mi toglie—il respir."

This was given with a terrible sincerity that renders it impossible to recall the style of its vocalism. We remark this the more especially for the purpose of showing one of the reasons why it is impossible to separate entirely the criticism of his vocal and histrionic powers. This the more especially as we hear, upon good authority, that there is very little difference evidenced in his voice for the last ten years—it being very certainly little more than eleven years since he first blazed upon the operatic horizon of London and Paris. Essentially, Ronconi could not be a great concert-singer. In the concert-room the voice counts for ninety-nine parts, vocalisation for one, and histrionic power for nothing. On the stage this is almost entirely reversed, and we need but refer to a pronounced favourite of Philadelphia for a proof of our opinion. Now, while we consider Ronconi's voice by no means a great one, we bow before him as a vocalist. This, with his wonderful powers as an actor, induces us to consider him as the only artist upon the lyric stage who can fairly be named in the same breath with Kean, Rachel, or Siddons.

#### THE PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY OF BROOKLYN.

(From the *New York Musical Review*.)

WE have received the report of the board of directors of the above-named Society, together with their programme of operations for the coming year. Keenly alive to the great attractions offered to the music-loving public by our own city, the committee have exerted themselves to the utmost to afford the residents of Brooklyn an opportunity for hearing the choicest of music in great profusion.

As we have before remarked, this society the past year (which was the first of its existence) not only met its expenses, but had quite a handsome surplus on hand. As an additional attraction for the coming season, the directors announce five concerts and fifteen rehearsals, instead of four concerts and eight rehearsals, as heretofore, and this without increasing the term of membership, or enhancing the price of single tickets. An engagement has been made with Mr. Eisfeld to conduct these concerts before his departure for Europe, and it was on his return to fill this (as well as other engagements) that he came so near losing his life by the burning of the ill-fated Austria. It is hoped and confidently expected that he will reach here in season, and have sufficient strength to conduct the first concert, which takes place on the 30th instant. Distinguished vocalists have already been engaged for some of the concerts, and we doubt not that under the efficient management of Mr. Wyman, the honoured president, the present season will be a more than usually entertaining one.

Brooklyn has long needed a first-class music-hall, and from the following, which we clip from one of our dailies, we trust the day is not far distant when she may be thus accommodated:—

"The movement for the construction of a first-class music-hall and opera house in Brooklyn received last week its first practical impulse. A meeting of property-holders, and others interested in the project, was held on Wednesday evening at the Polytechnic, to consider the steps necessary to give effect to the public wishes in this respect. The meeting was confined to about thirty gentlemen, and was strictly a preliminary one, being intended merely to facilitate, and not to forestall an expression of public opinion on this subject. Emanating, as it did, from the committee of the Philharmonic, which enjoys the confidence of the citizens, the call was responded to by the right sort of persons, men who have a large stake in the prosperity of Brooklyn, and who are not only willing but able to carry out the enterprise. A pleasing feature of the evening's proceedings was the warm concurrence expressed by two clergymen, the Rev. Drs. Storrs and Farley, in the object of the meeting. After a short discussion, in which the project received the unanimous approval of all present, a committee of five was appointed to make arrangements for convening a general meeting to gather the views of the citizens at large upon the subject. Two sites for the proposed building have been suggested close to the City Hall. As all the railroads of the city converge to this point, no more central or convenient location can be selected."

SIGNOR GIUGLINI.—Mr. Lumley's popular tenor has been creating a *furor* at Trieste. Previous to his arrival the opera had been twice reduced to the brink of ruin. Signor Giuglini brought back its *prestige* in one night, and gave the direction a new vitality. The public have been in raptures with the great tenor's Edgardo in *Lucia*, Fernando in *La Favorita*, Manrico in *Il Trovatore* and Arturo in *I Puritani*. Some of the local journals state that the terms he receives are altogether unprecedented. So much the better for Mr. Lumley.

THE German journals state that King Maximilian of Bavaria intends to erect a monument to Wolfran von Eschenbach, the Minnesänger, and author of the epic poem of *Parzival*. The sculptor, Herr C. Knoll, has been intrusted with the modelling of the life-size statue; and we hear that he has nearly finished his task. Leaning with the left hand on his sword, the harp in his right, and the helmet surrounded by a laurel-wreath, the poet steps forth, as it were, to meet us. In his noble face, gentleness and dignity, it is said, are happily combined. The statue is to form the central ornament of a fountain at the birth-place of the poet, the little town of Eschenbach, in Franconia.

## HYMN OF UNIVERSAL HARMONY.

(Written by DESMOND RYAN for M. JULLIEN'S Farewell Concerts.)

Behold, a brighter morning  
Than e'er in Heav'n had birth,  
Awakes and gives glad warning  
Of love and joy on earth!  
Now Freedom o'er the world her banner waving,  
In concord bids all nations to combine,  
Dispers the darkling fears mankind enslaving,  
And links all hearts in Harmony divine!

Sing! let's sing and waft the blessing  
Below—around—above—  
Ev'ry heart expressing,  
Peace, Unity, and Love!

## CHORUS.

Sing! let's sing and waft the blessing  
Below—around—above—  
Ev'ry heart expressing,  
Peace, Unity, and Love!

Ye Pow'rs of ev'ry nation,  
Heav'n's sacred light receive!  
One grand Confederation  
Of Brotherhood achieve!

Then Art shall reign, war, strife, ambition ended,  
And wing'd by knowledge man shall claim the skies;  
Love, Peace, and Harmony eternal blended,  
Shall make of earth a glorious paradise!

Sing! let's sing and waft the blessing  
Below—around—above—  
With heart and voice expressing,  
Peace, Unity, and Love!

## CHORUS.

Sing! let's sing and waft the blessing  
Below—around—above—  
With heart and voice expressing,  
Peace, Unity, and Love!

## HYMNE NAPOLIENIEN.

(Poète et Musique par M. JULLIEN.)

La France est un Empire, ainsi Dieu l'a voulu,  
Et du peuple et de Dieu, l'Empereur est élu.  
Oui, Dieu touché des douleurs de la France,  
A l'Empereur dit, tu la sauveras.  
Et les décrets de notre Providence  
Napoléon; tu les accompliras;  
Rends au pays la Paix et l'abondance,  
Rends tu l'union, l'ordre, et la gloire et l'honneur.  
Dieu protégé la France,  
Et sauve l'Empereur.

Oui, Dieu dans sa puissance a béni l'Empereur,  
En versant sur son front la lumière et l'honneur.  
Braves Français veillons près de son trône,  
Pour lui prions, et soyons tous unis,  
Car la splendeur de sa couronne.  
Sur notre France et l'univers rayonne,  
Et son nom même est l'honneur du pays.  
Plus d'esprit de parti, l'union c'est la puissance,  
Unissons nous Français et chantons tous en chœur,  
Dieu protégé la France,  
Et sauve l'Empereur.

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will comprise all the best and most instructive English and foreign works and compositions; and the different kinds of instruments necessary for a complete orchestra are kept for the use of students in the establishment.

#### CLASSES IN THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF MUSIC.

I. A Class for Students who intend to become conductors of conservatoires of music, and who will either be admitted as boarders, or as out-door students.—Entrance fee to out-door students, ten guineas. Terms: For boarders, twenty-five guineas for the first quarter, including the entrance fee; and fifteen guineas for every succeeding quarter.

As soon as competent, each candidate will receive an appointment as Master of a Conservatoire of Music, with a Certificate from Dr. Mark.

II. A Class for Little Boys, for the purpose of receiving a general and musical education combined, and who may become either boarders or day pupils.—Terms: For Boarders, ten guineas per quarter; Day Pupils, two guineas. Hours from nine to twelve a.m.; from two to four p.m.

III. A Class for Professors of Music and Governesses, who wish to acquire a knowledge of Dr. Mark's system of teaching; each candidate to receive a certificate of competency.—Terms: Five guineas the course of lessons.

IV. A Class for Young Ladies and Gentlemen, who wish to be brought out as performers, and whose services will be accepted as part remuneration for the instruction they receive.—Terms: By special agreement.

These four classes are again subdivided, to suit the different branches of musical education, which comprise all vocal and instrumental, theoretical and practical, instruction.

To these classes is also added that of Dr. Mark's Little Men, and all indoor apprentices.

Terms for private lessons on the pianoforte, in singing, theory of music, and principles of composition, given entirely by Dr. Mark himself, may be known on application.

#### CLASSES IN THE MANCHESTER CONSERVATOIRE OF MUSIC.

I. A Class for Boys apprenticed to Dr. Mark. If from five to eight years of age, for five years; from nine to eleven years of age, for three years; their services being taken as an equivalent for receiving instruction in vocal and instrumental music, the parents having to pay an entrance fee, out of which the instrument and books are found for the pupil.—Terms: ten guineas entrance fee. The classes meet twice a week, from seven to nine every Tuesday and Thursday evening.

II. A Class for Young Men, for vocal and instrumental music; each pupil to play either a wind or stringed instrument.—Terms: One guinea per quarter. To facilitate, however, the attendance in this class, Dr. Mark has arranged to make a separate charge for each branch.

|  |             |
|--|-------------|
| For singing and theory of music .. .. .  | 10s. 6d.    |
| For theory of music, and learning either on wind or string instruments .. .. . | 15s. 0d.    |
| The three branches combined .. .. .  | One Guinea. |
| For the pianoforte .. .. .   | One Guinea. |

The classes to meet twice a week, on every Monday and Wednesday evening, from eight to ten.

III. A Class for Little Boys, for vocal and instrumental music, each pupil to play either a wind or string instrument, 15s. per quarter. The classes to meet twice a week, on every Tuesday and Thursday, from seven to nine. For the pianoforte, one guinea per quarter.

IV. A Class for Little Girls, for vocal and instrumental music, viz., for the guitar, harp, or pianoforte, one guinea per quarter.

V. A Class for Adults, for singing, with harp or guitar, one guinea per quarter; for the pianoforte, one guinea per quarter; for singing only, 10s. 6d. per quarter. The classes to meet twice a week, on every Tuesday and Friday, from six to eight.

VI. Dr. MARK being desirous to bring music within the reach of all, has also organised a Class for the benefit of the Working Community, especially for Apprentices in Mills, &c., at Five Shillings per Quarter, to meet every Friday evening, from eight to ten.

There will also be a Class for Boys and Girls, to be entirely supported by Voluntary Contributions, the subscriptions to which will be expended in the purchase of the necessary instruments and books, which remain the property of the institution until acquired by the pupil through good conduct; Dr. Mark giving all instructions gratuitously.

Dr. MARK being also anxious to identify himself with the interests of the National and Public Schools in Manchester and Salford, from the superintendents and teachers of which he has received the most cordial approval of his enterprise, will be very happy to admit Twelve Boys and Twelve Girls every year, at Christmas, selected from the various schools, who will receive a gratuitous musical education as a reward of merit; each candidate to be either nominated by the clergymen of the schools, or the scholarship thus founded by Dr. Mark in the Royal College to be offered as a prize to the most deserving pupil.

Every class will be subject to certain conditions, rules, and regulations, which are specified in each class paper, which will be delivered to every pupil with his book, on joining the class.

#### GENERAL RULES AND CONDITIONS.

All subscriptions to be paid in advance, and no student or pupil can subscribe for less than three months; the time reckoning from the day of entry, and three clear months fully to be completed and ended, an arrangement which renders it convenient for any pupil to commence at any time.

Every Saturday from the day of the opening of the Institution, new pupils can only be admitted to the course of lessons.

Every year two months' holidays are given, at Midsummer and Christmas, which, however, are not reckoned in the quarters of the class pupils. Punctual and assiduous attendance to the classes is also one of the principal rules.

Every pupil to find his own instrument, except in Class I and the pianoforte scholars.

All applications for prospectuses will be promptly attended to, and may be made either in person, or by letter inclosing a stamp.

Dr. Mark thinks it also necessary and due to subscribers to state, that he has endeavoured to make every provision, so that the progress and development of his Great National Enterprise shall in no way meet with any other impediment except the want of public patronage, which, however, Dr. Mark hopes will not be denied, to enable him to extend the benefit arising from the above Institutions.

In having selected Manchester as the location of his establishment, Dr. Mark is influenced by his position and by the number, intelligence, and liberal spirit of its inhabitants, and their readiness at all times to promote and help forward any effort which may tend to improve the moral and social condition of its industrious

citizens. He has also a lively remembrance of, and deep sense of gratitude for the great encouragement and generous feeling evinced, both towards himself and his "Little Men," on his several visits to Manchester; and his fervent desire is, by initiating his projects in that city, to make himself useful to its large and important community.

Dr. Mark being well aware that the application of a new system always encounters difficulties—of which he, personally, and his system, have had more than their share—feels, nevertheless, confident that the above plan is the only one by which musical talent may be promoted, appreciated in general, and become a valuable acquisition to all classes of society in this country; he intends to persevere in this undertaking to the utmost, to raise this Institution to an equality with some eminent ones on the Continent, from whence many great artists emanate who hold the highest rank in the profession; and that, encouraged by the most distinguished patronage this Institution and his exertions have met with, to rouse native talent for music in this country by his much-approved system of musical education; he has spared no expense hitherto, nor will he regard exertions for the future to establish within the above institution a national record, compiled of true English national talent in music, useful and glorious for generations to come; and trusts that his exertions will deserve a continued patronage (all past favours of which he begs most thankfully to acknowledge), to enable him to carry out, not only his present object—that of establishing Conservatoires of Music for little children in every town and city throughout the United Kingdom—but also his ultimate design—that of raising a National Institution for the admission of orphan and poor children from all parts of the country, wherein they shall receive board, clothing, and a most useful and efficient general education combined,

**FREE OF ALL EXPENSE.**



#### PROSPECTUSES

OF  
**DR. MARK'S ROYAL COLLEGE OF MUSIC,**

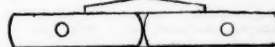
AND  
**MANCHESTER CONSERVATOIRE OF MUSIC,**

ESTABLISHED BY HIM AT

**BRIDGE-STREET, MANCHESTER,**

May now be had at the Institution, by applying either personally or by letter inclosing a stamped envelope.

DR. MARK will receive, every Saturday, in person, APPLICATIONS FOR PUPILS, from four to eight o'clock in the afternoon until further notice.



#### W. M. BLAGROVE'S newly-invented FOLDING

VIOLIN MUTE, constructed so as to impart to the Violin a soft, pure tone, without injury to the instrument, used in the orchestras of the Royal Italian Opera, &c., &c. May be had of all music-sellers, and of W. M. Blagrove, 71, Mortimer-street, Cavendish-square, W. Price 1s. 6d.; or, in morocco case, 2s.

#### PIANOFORTES.—DEWRANCE'S COMPENSATING

PIANO may now be seen at the depot, 33, Soho-square. By the application of this principal a heavier string can be used, the result of which is, that the full power of a grand is obtained from a cottage instrument, at the same time the wires and the frame on which they are strung expand and contract with change of temperature equally and together, so that the necessity for frequent tuning, as in the ordinary instrument, is entirely obviated. For fulness and roundness of tone, with extraordinary powers of modulation, these instruments are quite unequalled, at the same time the price is no higher than that of an ordinary piano.

#### THE IMPROVED HARMONIUM.—Mr. W. E.

EVANS, inventor of the English Harmonium (exhibited in London in 1844), calls attention to the improvements he has lately made in this instrument. The subjoined testimonial from Mr. Alfred Mellon is one of the many he has received from eminent professors:—

THE VALE, KING'S ROAD, CHELSEA,  
March 19th, 1858.

DEAR SIR,—I have much pleasure in giving you my opinion upon your Harmonium; it is the best instrument of the kind I have ever heard.

Yours very truly,

To Mr. W. E. Evans,  
51, Norfolk-street, Sheffield.

ALFRED MELLON.

Published by JOHN BOOSEY, of Castlebar-hill, in the parish of Ealing, in the County of Middlesex, at the office of BOOSEY & SONS, 28, Holles-street. Sold also by REED, 15, John-street, Great Portland-street; ALLEN, Warwick-lane; VICKERS, Holywell-street; KEITH, Pinner, & Co., 48, Chancery-lane; G. SCHEURMANN, 86, Newgate-street; JOHN SHEPHERD, Newgate-street; HARRY MAY, 11, Holborn-bars. Agents for Scotland, PATERSON & SONS, Edinburgh and Glasgow; for Ireland, H. BUSSELL, Dublin; and all Music-sellers.

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